

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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## LITERATURE.

## "COLORED" VIEWS.\*

LIUM-FUIT—the deed is done, and the South done for. Uncle Neds generally may lay down hoe and shovel, and taking up the violin, go to fiddling, or embark in the oyster-opening profession, or the "brush" trade—the three *metiers* our free and independent gentlemen of color most affect. Mrs. Stowe, abandoning her husband's hose, has seized upon that of the abolition engine and is playing away a full stream upon Southern people and Southern institutions generally. How to treat her book is our difficulty at present, for as a lengthy abolition tract, we desire no acquaintance with it, as a political affair it is entirely out of our province, its descriptions of the white and the colored races as they exist below "Mason's and Dixon's" are too nearly antipodal to reality to entitle it to much usefulness as an ethnological essay, and finally when warm weather is coming rapidly in, a novel, with heroes and heroines exclusively African, and winding up by the introduction of a colored lady whom a white gentleman of birth, respectability, and wealth has taken to wife, thereby setting a laudable example to the rising generation of amalgamationists, is rather too potent and decidedly odorous for our—perhaps fastidious—taste.

We must regard the work as a whole, and rather an odd one, being neither fish nor flesh, nor yet good red herring.

With anti-slavery almanacs, Garrisonian reports, "Liberty" speeches for Buncombe, and the ravings of Abby Kelly, Mrs. Stowe has constructed a most frightful scarecrow, and calling upon her Dickon—the printer's imp—to light its pipe, sends it forth into the world, thinking to pass it off for a true man of blood and bone and muscle, and that the South will own and endorse the fright. We think, however, that as in the case of Hawthorne's man, a little reflection will do its business.

The book, despite its subject and the mode of handling it, has many good points, and we are disposed to do full justice to them; but unlike the fair author,—being somewhat indisposed to all amalgamation,—we will not serve up the ludicrous and the revolting together. As is the fashion with some hosts, let us have the good wine first, the bad after, or rather the pudding *pour commencer* to be succeeded by the sauce.

Mrs. Stowe is evidently intended by nature for an humorous writer, and an occasional dash of wit and fun prove that her forte is rather farce than comedy and tragedy or political economy. As for instance—

## PREPARING FOR A MEETING.

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude box of a trundle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

"O mother, we don't wanten. We want to sit up to meetin',—meetin' is so curis. We likes 'em."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let'em sit up," said Mas'e George, decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

"Aunt Chloe, having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the

thing under, saying, as she did so, 'Well, mebbe't will do 'em some good.'

"The house now resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the accommodations and arrangements for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers, now, I declare I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's, weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more 'cheers,' there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sung both de legs out of dat oldest cheer, last week," suggested Mose.

"You go long! I'll boun' you pulled'em out; some o' your shiners," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, it'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter musn't sit in it, cause he al'ays hitches when he gets a singing. He hited pretty-nigh across de room, t'other night," said Pete.

"Good Lor! get him in it, then," said Mose, "and den he'd begin, 'Come saints and sinners, hear me tell,' and den down he'd go,"—and Mose imitated precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor, to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

"Come now, be decent, can't ye?" said Aunt Chloe; "an't yer shamed?"

"Mas'e George, however, joined the offender in the laugh and declared decidedly that Mose was a 'buster.' So the maternal admonition seemed rather to fail of effect.

"Well, ole man," said Aunt Chloe, "you'll have to tote in them ar bar'ls."

"Mother's bar'ls is like dat ar widdler's, Mas'e George was reading 'bout in de good book,—dey never fails," said Mose, aside to Pete.

"I'm sure one on'em caved in last week," said Pete; "and let'em all down in de middle of de singin'; dat ar was failin', warnt it?"

Now, although very amusing indeed, there is nothing negro about all this. The remarks of the boys belong to the pert Yankee order, and the language is a mixture of Tappan-Zee Dutch, the true Bowery, or "Mose" lingo, and the Ohio boatman's slang. Other specimens prove that the author has devoted no little time to the acquisition of Dow Junior's peculiar style, as

## SAM'S OPINIONS OF "PERSISTENCE."

"Dis yer matter 'bout persistence, feller niggers," said Sam, with the air of one entering into an abstruse subject, 'dis yer 'sistency's a thing what an't seed into very clar, by most anybody. Now, yer see, where a feller stands up for a thing one day and night, de contrar de next, folks ses (and nat'rally enough dey ses), why he an't persistent,—hand me dat ar bit o' corn-cake, Andy. But let's look into it. I hope the gen'lmen and der fair six will seuse my usin' an or'nary sort o' 'parison. Here! I'm a tryin' to get top o' der hay. Wal, I puts up my larder dis yer side; 'tan't no go;—den, cause I don't try dere no more, but puts my larder right de contrar side, an't I persistent? I'm persistent in wantin' to get up which ary side my larder is; don't you see, all on yer!'"

Perhaps one of the best hits in the book is a sketch of a Kentucky Tavern, with its free and easy guests and a supply of tobacco ad libitum. Nothing in Mr. Genin's treatise can beat the

## ESSAY ON HATS.

"In fact, everybody in the room bore on his head this characteristic emblem of man's sovereignty; whether it were felt hat, palm leaf, greasy beaver, or fine new chapeau, there it reposed with true republican independence.

In truth, it appeared to be the characteristic mark of every individual. Some wore them tipped rakishly on one side—these were your men of humor, jolly, free-and-easy dogs; some had them jammed independently down over their noses—these were your hard characters, thorough men, who, when they wore their hats, wanted to wear them, and to wear them just as they had a mind to; there were those who had them set far over back—wide-awake men, who wanted a clear prospect; while careless men, who did not know, or care, how their hats sat, had them shaking about in all directions. The various hats, in fact, were quite a Shakespearean study."

The episode of Eva St. Clair is truly beautiful and affecting—nay, for humor and pathos, a gem—and causes us the more to regret that such scenes should be introduced but to gild a pill of abolition gun-cotton, and to persuade innocent women and ignorant men to swallow it as good, honest medicine. The negro dialogue has been very generally commended, and we are willing to confess that the author knows quite as much about it as she does of slaves and slavery, but unfortunately very little of either. Where, in north or south, or in any other spot of earth, except, perhaps, upon the stage in the conventional "pert chambermaid" and "smart valet" scenes, could anything be found to resemble the following specimen of

## COLORED UPPER-TEN-DOM.

"Pray, Miss Benori, may I be allowed to ask if those drops are for the ball, to-morrow night? They are certainly bewitching!"

"I wonder, now, Mr. St. Clair, what the impudence of you men will come to!" said Jane, tossing her pretty head till the ear-drops twinkled again. "I shan't dance with you for a whole evening if you go to asking me any more questions."

"O, you couldn't be so cruel now! I was just dying to know whether you would appear in your pink turletane," said Adolph.

"What is it?" said Rosa, a bright, piquant little quadroon, who came skipping down stairs at this moment.

"Why Mr. St. Clair's so impudent!"

"On my honor," said Adolph, "I'll leave it to Miss Rosa, now."

"I know he's always a saucy creature," said Rosa, poisoning herself on one of her little feet, and looking maliciously at Adolph. He's always getting me so angry with him."

With the incidents of the book—always excepting the episode of Eva—we have small wish to meddle. They are revolting and unjust, inasmuch as atrocities that may have been committed by some depraved wretch devoid of human feeling, are here set down and pictured forth, as if such things were of common and daily occurrence.

We can assure Mrs. Stowe that Planters are neither in the habit of severing families, selling infants, or whipping their best hands to death.

Such things have happened, as similar horrors occur at the north, and the wretches meet the same detestation, and generally a more speedy retribution than with us.

A horrible punishment inflicted by a French woman of New Orleans upon her slave, resulted in the most serious riot that city has yet known. The woman escaped from the State, but every vestige of her property was destroyed by the indignant citizens, and she would have been hung could they but have laid hands upon her. It is the interest of planters to make their servants contented, to keep their families together, and

\*Uncle Tom's Log Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

they make great personal sacrifices to avoid selling a slave. No one disputes that at times they are sold, generally for crime, which here would condemn them to prison, and sometimes—as with us—misfortune steps in, and with rude hand sunders all family ties. It is in the most northern of the slave States that the majority of the sales are made, and for this the unfortunate beings have the abolitionists alone to thank.

We believe Mrs. Stowe to be a native of Massachusetts. If so, would she deem it just or honest were a Southern lady to write a book of the Old Bay State, and, by a parity of reasoning, take the recent Webster and Parkman horror, and hold it up as a common, every-day transaction? We cannot but regret the gusto with which our authoress describes all the incidents concerning the running off of the various negroes, first feigning a series of horrible persecutions in order to enlist the reader's feelings in their escape, and their accustoming us to scenes of violence, shooting down of pursuers, &c., in the very spirit of the late Pennsylvania massacre.

Slavery is bad enough, but for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Stowe! wife of one clergyman, daughter of another, and sister to half a dozen, respect the cloud of black cloth with which you are surrounded, and if you will write of such matters, give us plain unvarnished truth, and strive to advise us in our trouble—not to preach up bloodshed and massacre, for, by our present "Manual for Runaways," you but rivet the chains of those whom we firmly believe you honestly and truly desire to serve.

We are told that northern men will take the book for a caricature, but the author appeals to the South to prove its truth. She also hopes she has done justice to "that nobility, generosity and humanity, which, in many cases, characterize individuals at the South," and then proceeds to add that they are not common anywhere.

On the eve of closing a book capable of producing infinite mischief—for it lacks neither wit nor talent, only truth—she very naturally appeals again to "the generous, noble-minded men and women of the South," you whose virtue, and purity, and magnanimity of character, &c., &c.

Modesty! thy name is Beecher.

#### LORD COCKBURN'S LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.\* [THIRD PAPER.]

THE most interesting letters in the collection are those addressed to Dickens, and their interest comes from what is personal to him. They exhibit such an unreserved exposure of Dickens's domesticity, that we should be surprised at their publication, did they not also exhibit such a degree of favorable criticism on his works from so authoritative a critic as Lord Jeffrey. The friendship between Jeffrey and Dickens seems to have been of great warmth; they were in the habits of familiar intercourse, and their relations were more like those apparently of tender affection than mere friendship. One of Dickens's boys bears the name of Francis Jeffrey. Lord Jeffrey assumes quite a paternal air towards Dickens, and lectures him for his profuse expenditure. He speaks in a letter to Lord Cockburn of having dined

with Dickens, as his guest, at "rather too sumptuous a dinner for a man only beginning to be rich." In a letter to Dickens himself, he rates him roundly. The letter was written in 1847, and it seems that at that time the public in England had already paid a half a million of dollars for Dickens's works:—

#### DICKENS'S RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

"I am rather disappointed, I must own, at finding your *embankment* still so small. But it is a great thing to have made a beginning, and laid a foundation; and you are young enough to reckon on living many years under the proud roof of the completed structure, which even I expect to see ascending in its splendor. But when I consider that the public has, upon a moderate computation, paid at least £100,000 for your works (and had a good bargain too at the money), it is rather provoking to think that the author should not now have — in bank, and have never received, I suspect, above —. There must have been some mismanagement, I think, as well as ill-luck, to have occasioned this result—not extravagance on your part, my dear Dickens—nor even excessive beneficence—but improvident arrangements with publishers—and too careless a control of their proceedings. But you are wiser now; and, with Foster's kind and judicious help, will soon redeem the effects of your not ungenerous errors. I am as far as possible from grudging you the elegances and indulgences which are suitable to your tasteful and liberal nature, and which you have so fully earned; and should indeed be grieved not to see you surrounded, and your children growing up, in the midst of the refinements, which not only gratify the relishes, but improve the capacities, of a cultivated mind. All I venture to press on you is the infinite importance, and unspeakable comfort, of an achieved and secure independence; taking away all anxiety about decay of health or mental alacrity, or even that impatience of task-work which is apt to steal upon free spirits who would work harder and better, if redeemed from the yoke of necessity. But this is twaddle enough, and must be charitably set down to the score of my paternal anxiety and senile caution.

"How funny that *besoin* of yours for midnight rambling in city streets, and how curious that Macaulay should have the same taste or fancy!"

The letters addressed to Dickens, are mostly criticisms on his works, of a highly eulogistic order. Lord Jeffrey seems in his old age to have taken wonderfully to the pathetic; he has hardly a wrinkle to give to Dickens's humor, but abundant tears for his pathos and sentiment. In fact, the veteran critic grows quite maudlin. Jeffrey in his old age in penitential tears for the critical sins of his youth! Dickens may well congratulate himself on his power of pathos in having made water flow from that rock, for having squeezed a tear from the stony Edinburgh Reviewer. "I could not," says Jeffrey, "reserve my tears for your third part. From the meeting of Will on the streets, they flowed and ebbed at your bidding." Lord Jeffrey in preferring Dickens's pathos to his humor, will have all, not in petticoats, to differ from him. We give some of Jeffrey's criticisms. He says of the

#### AMERICAN NOTES.

"My dear Dickens—A thousand thanks to you for your charming book! and for all the pleasure, profit, and relief it has afforded me. You have been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which should give any serious offence to any

moderately rational patriot among them. The *Slavers*, of course, will give you no quarter, and I suppose you did not expect they should. But I do not think you could have said less, and my whole heart goes along with every word you have written. Some people will be angry too, that you have been so strict to observe their *spitting*, and neglect of ablutions, &c. And more, that you should have spoken with so little reverence of their courts of law and state legislature, and even of their grand Congress itself. But all this latter part is done in such a spirit of good-humored playfulness, and so mixed up with clear intimations that you have quite as little veneration for things of the same sort at home, that it will not be easy to represent it as the fruit of English insolence and envy."

#### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens! and may it always be as light and full as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings! We are all charmed with your Carol; chiefly, I think, for the genuine goodness which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the Cratchetts is like the dream of a beneficent angel in spite of its broad reality; and little *Tiny Tim*, in life and death almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. And then the school-day scene, with that large-hearted, delicate sister, and her true inheritor, with his gall-lacking liver, and milk of human kindness for blood, and yet all so natural, and so humbly and serenely happy! Well, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom, since Christmas, 1842.

"And is not this better than caricaturing American knaveries, or lavishing your great gifts of fancy and observation on Pecksniffs, Dodgers, Baileys, and Moulds? Nor is this a mere crotchet of mine, for nine tenths of your readers, I am convinced, are of the same opinion; and, accordingly, I prophesy that you will sell three times as many of this moral and pathetic Carol as of your grotesque and fantastical *Chuzzlewitz*."

#### DOMREY.

"Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have now given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. And the long vista that leads us so gently and sadly, and yet so gracefully and winningly, to that plain consummation! Every trait so true and so touching—and yet lightened by that fearless innocence which goes playfully to the brink of the grave, and that pure affection which bears the unstained spirit, on its soft and lambent flash, at once to its source in eternity. In reading of these delightful children, how deeply do we feel that 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven'; and how ashamed of the contaminations which our manhood has received from the contact of the earth, and wonder how you should have been admitted into that pure communion, and so 'presumed, an earthly guest, and drawn Empyrean air,' though for our benefit and instruction."

To Dickens's tendency to exaggeration we have here a gentle rebuke:—

\* Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. In 2 volumes. Volume 1. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.



CARKER.

"Perhaps I hate Carker even more, already; so much, indeed, that it would be a relief to me if you could do without him. And I must tell you, too, that I think him the least natural of all the characters you have ever exhibited (for I do not consider Quilp, or Dick Swiveller, as at all out of nature); but it seems to me that a Knight Templar in the disguise of a waiter, is not a more extravagant fiction, than a man of high gifts and rare accomplishments, bred and working hard every day as a subordinate manager or head clerk in a merchant's counting-house. One might pass his extreme wickedness and malignity, though they, too, are quite above his position; but the genius and attainments, the manners and scope of thought, do strike me as not reconcilable with anything one has yet heard of his history, or seen of his occupations. But I must submit, I see, to take a great interest in him, and only hope you will not end by making me love him too."

Here is as bold a laudation as was ever thrown in the face of an author. Dickens must have blushed in secret, and his full eye must have blinked at this glaring flattery:—

DICKENS, SCOTT, AND BYRON.

"You have the force and the nature of Scott in his pathetic parts, without his occasional coarseness and wordiness, and the searching disclosure of inward agonies of Byron, without a trait of his wickedness."

We close with this last letter to Dickens. The world does not agree with Jeffrey's discontent with the Micawbers, but would second his hint about the expanding tendencies of the *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches*:

COPPERFIELD, ETC.

"Bless you, my dear Dickens, and happy new years for centuries to you and yours! A thousand thanks for your kind letter of December, and your sweet, soothing Copperfield of the new year. It is not a hinging or marking chapter in the story of the life, but it is full of good matter, and we are all the better for it. The scene with Agnes is the most impressive, though there is much promise in Traddles. Uriah is too disgusting; and I confess I should have been contented to have heard no more of the Micawbers. But there is no saying what you may make of them, &c."

"It cheers and delights me, too, to have such pleasing accounts of the well-being and promise of your children; and it is a new motive for my trying to live a little longer, that I may hear of the first honors attained by my name-boy. God bless him, and all of you!"

"We are all tolerably well here, I thank you; Mrs. Jeffrey, I am happy to say, has been really quite well for many months, and, in fact, by much the most robust of the two. My fairy grandchild, too, is bright and radiant through all the glooms of winter and age, and fills the house with sunshine and music. I am old and vulnerable, but still able for my work, and not a bit morose or querulous; 'and by the mass the heart is in the trim.' I love all that is loveable, or can respond to love as intensely as in youth, and hope to die before that capacity forsakes me."

"It is like looking forward to spring to think of seeing your beaming eye again! Come, then, to see us when you can, and bring that true-hearted Kate with you,—but not as you did the last time, to frighten us, and imperil her. Let that job be well over first, and consider whether it had not better be the last! There can never be too many Dickenses in the world; but these overbearings exhaust the pa-

rent tree, and those who cannot hope to repose in the shade of the saplings, must shrink from the risk of its decay."

"I daresay you do right to send one boy to Eton; but what is most surely learned there is the habit of wasteful expense, and, in ordinary natures, a shame and contempt for plebeian parents. But I have faith in races, and feel that your blood will resist such attainments. You do not think it impertinent in me to refer to them? I speak to you as I would to a younger brother. And so God bless you again, and ever, yours."

## HEARTS UNVEILED.\*

This is a work which is quite distinct from the ordinary run of that class of fictions which, for want of a better appellation, are classed as "ladies' novels." Divest it of its episodes, its moralizing conversations and its set disquisitions, and the residuum is but slight. The narrator of the story is a young lady, who from being the only daughter of an indulgent and widowed father, and having had every wish gratified, has become thoroughly selfish. She is one morning summoned to her father's library and the following conversation takes place. The reader will be struck with the coolness with which it is managed:—

"My father appeared, at once, to divine the cause of my coldness; and after some almost incoherent reflections on his indulgence and mistaken appreciation of my character, proceeded to inform me that our prospects were clouded by misfortune,—that we might account ourselves as beggars;—that his funds, which were invested in a foreign House, were supposed to be lost, and that his home property was under liabilities. 'Then, let us die,' said I, 'by our own hands.' 'Are you prepared to die?' he inquired, seriously."

"Better prepared to die, than to live—an object of scorn!"

"He mildly answered, 'The virtuous poor are not scorned by the wise; and the opinions of the foolish would be a bad argument in favor of suicide. We must be content to occupy an humbler place in society; but I have still hopes of again being in possession of a competence.'"

"Com-petence," I repeated, disdainfully; and sighed, as I recollected the many lost opportunities of establishing myself in affluence,—and a slight reflection crossed my mind, that these opportunities were becoming less frequent. Yet the idea suggested itself, that a few months longer continuance in society might be productive of happy results, and give me a claim to something more than competence,—to respectability. I therefore begged that our misfortunes might be concealed for the present."

"My father, with less regard to my feelings than he had ever manifested on any former occasion, replied that he imposed on no man; and reminded me that I was then in my twenty-eighth year, 'a period of life,' said he, 'when youthfulness has partially fallen off, and when, as in single women of coquettish habits, without being replaced by that amiability, intelligence, and dignity acquired by the more wise, and which give charms more enduring, more lasting, than the vivacity of extreme youth, the chances of forming a desirable connexion are against all who have not the bait of fortune.'"

The lady is transferred to the house of a Quaker great-aunt at Salem, where, under the influence of good examples of benevolence and self-denial, a change, somewhat too sud-

\*Hearts Unveiled; or, I knew you would like him. By Sarah Emery Saymore.

den for probability, comes over her. To suit her altered fortunes and contribute her quota to the fund for benevolent purposes largely drawn upon by the household, she goes out as a teacher of music, for which her previous education and natural acquirements render her fully competent."

The scene does not change often from the sober Salem domicile. A sick gentleman, the bearer of a letter of introduction, is taken from his hotel and cared for under the hospitable roof, where he convalesces sufficiently to philosophize at some length on various matters, mostly of social philosophy—and turns out to be the son of the worthy widow who is the head of the family. An old gentleman comes over in a Liverpool steamer and also establishes himself in this mansion of inexhaustible accommodations as the good lady's brother. He is a gentleman of the old school, in those silk stockings, knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, and etcetera, which we more generally associate with that character on the stage than in real life. He is also a good talker, and after he has tested the sincerity of the heroine's reformation, and that her former indifference to her father has been repented of and replaced by an ardent affection, lays aside his "stagey" habiliments and appears, in propria persona as the lady's sire, and with unimpaired fortune. Previous to this, however, a lover has won her affections, so that when he marries her, as he does shortly after, it is not for her expectations.

There is also an old lady, who turns out to be somebody else. This Harlequinade the author appears especially to delight in, her pen reminding us not a little of the sword of lath of our agile friend, Gabriel Ravel. These transformations involve long stories, the characters "owning up" all their past misdeeds or mishaps, and from these the general thread of the story is to be gained. The author is a very brief narrator of her own affairs, actually telling us nothing about her being proposed to and married, beyond the simple statement that such events took place—a piece of forbearance unexampled in romance or real life.

One of the best things in the book is the character of Lysander, a quiet, philosophizing scholar whose simple-minded oddities are very feelingly and quietly set forth, reminding us a little of some of the characters of the like student stamp in the strange novels of Jean Paul.

There is a vagueness about the book, a want of flesh and blood in its personages, which is its chief defect. To atone in part for this there are occasional very happy touches of character, showing clear insight into its recesses and giving high promise of still greater success in the future efforts, which, trusting Mrs. or Miss Saymore will fulfil the promise of her name, we shall keep a look-out for.

As a specimen of the reflective portion, which is no inconsiderable one, of the book, we take the following passage on

THANKS.

"I like to see people receive good gifts with joyfulness of heart, and not pain themselves, and put the giver to blush, by their efforts to express their gratitude. And their acknowledgments, after all, are only proofs, according to their eloquence, of proficiency in the art of begging. Give a cunning street beggar a shilling, or a practised solicitor for popular charities an eagle, and they will, either of them,

thank you with such melting fluency, that ten to one but you put your hand in your pocket and give another. Now, if both should act according to the promptings of their feelings, the street beggar would make his tatters fly with cutting capers, in prospect of a carousal at night; and the other would say, 'I am glad of this donation, as it will raise me in the estimation of my employers, on whom I am dependent for the means of my subsistence.' But in the first case, such an exhibition of the mental workings of the pauper would soon put an end to alms-giving in the streets; and in the second, the avowal of a selfish, though not unworthy consideration, would be whispered to the disadvantage of both the petitioner and the cause in which he was engaged."

#### CAPTAIN JACOB ARMSTRONG.\*

DURING the past week, as opportunity offered, we have instituted a vigorous search for the compiler of this authentic narrative—who says "My name is Jacob D. Armstrong." Naturally curious to see a gentleman to whom such extraordinary adventures attached; who had been to so many places; made so many rare discoveries; and who withal reports them with such modest simplicity and verisimilitude of narrative—we have left no reasonable stone unturned, to ascertain the whereabouts and personality of Captain Jacob. And yet in spite of all our pains-taking, we have not been able to come upon any single trace of the faithful chronicler—outside of this present publication. The circumstances under which the Captain is dispatched on his marvellous mission, are artlessly disclosed on an early page:—

"I had scarcely become reconciled to the dull life of a landman, retiring and rising early, and attending church regularly; had scarcely become interested in the quarrels of the choir, and the private history of the minister, Mr. Hanford, when I received a letter from Messrs. Ward, Albright & Co., South street, New York, in which they insisted on my taking command of a new and elegant ship called the *Romeo*, which they were about sending to China by the way of the Sandwich Islands. After hesitating some time, and, indeed, writing two letters declining the honor they proposed to do me, I finally consented to go, and bade my wife adieu, July 30th, 1838. Our parting was very tender. I had proposed leaving on the 28th, but before getting out of bed resolved to stay another day; and, in like manner, the next morning thought one day would make no difference; yet, at last, I gave her the parting salute, little dreaming I should be absent many years."

Away the Captain hies to the other ends of the earth.

Miraculously endowed with a knowledge of languages, he promptly addresses a native in the Malaya:—

"The person of this native, then, was not black, but of an orange or reddish complexion. He was naked, except as regards sandals, yet I could discover no signs of sex. His face, amidst astonishment, expressed kindness. His form was partly common to male and female, that is to say, his features were effeminate and his hair long, but bending around the ears, was done up on the back of the head in a flattish knot; while his neck rose from his shoulders in that angle and inclination which we see so often in women. His chest was full and broad, it had neither breast or nipple, or any kind of deformity. His limbs were not large, but were muscular and well proportioned. As it was my duty to act for the rest, I

stepped forward, and clapping him on the shoulder, saluted him in the Malaya language in a few words, that signified Peace be with us; and also bid my companions not fear, but act like men. The native now came to himself, kissed me in a brotherly way, and in the meantime spoke many words in a strange language. Then he skipped from one to another of us, took our hands in his, bowed, smiled, and turned around half dancing."

Far away the Captain bethinks himself of his native land, and touches us closely with his natural pathos:—

"After we had eaten our breakfast, and sat awhile in silence, Mr. Young took out his watch, and remarked that a great many thousand children were entering school in every part of the United States. The sun was shining in through the windows of villages, and on southern pavements, in cities, where ladies and gentlemen dressed in furs and warm clothing, were walking up and down, not thinking of the salt sea nor of us. It was shining on the piney mountain tops, where cold water bursts out and freezes along the sides of precipices. If snow was on the ground, young people were sleigh-riding, and their bells were ringing merrily, while in the woods the hunter follows the track of the far-leaping deer. The axe is heard on the edge of the forest, and the tall hickory tree falls headlong, scattering the snow like a breaking billow. In farm-houses there are warm fires, and cookery, and many old and sweet faces; in taverns men are drinking and tossing up coppers; in offices and students' rooms, there are books and heated stoves, and in the many thousand churches, the still sunlight rests upon the cushions of pew and pulpit, and there the mouse suns himself in the broad aisle. Why should one go to sea when there is so much waste land, and so many delightful places? But death comes to all alike, and rightly considered is never an accident. That we have been connected with our bodies many years is nothing—we would love any other dust as much, and since we must die what matter is it if we do so by sea or land, we are of the earth, earthy—dust is but dust, whether in Asia or America."

These are but sample-bricks of the Armstrong edifice, a magical structure, with many quaint windows, looking out upon all sorts of strange prospects and novel objects of curiosity. Regarding these with an eye of pleased interest, and still anxious to make acquaintance with the person of this honest traveller, we shall renew our search at the various resorts of Ex-sea-captains, and endeavor to secure an interview with a man who out-goes, by so many steady lengths, all the demands of the rhymist—

"Sharp optics it needs I ween,  
To see what is not to be seen."

#### SARGENT'S STANDARD SPEAKER.\*

MR. EPES SARGENT'S new volume of collections from classical sources for declamation is one of the best books of the kind yet presented to the public. It shows common sense and good sense in its introduction, is judicious in its extracts, copious in those departments of the Senate and the Bar, where Americans should be best informed, and is free throughout of the prevailing preference—in school books of this class—for expediency before classicality. Mr. Sargent's taste accepts nothing that is not worthy, and omits little that is desirable. We commend his *Standard Speaker* to the attention of teachers.

\* *Life and Adventures of Captain Jacob D. Armstrong.* Dewitt & Davenport.

#### NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY.\*

MESSRS. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. have sent us several new volumes of the pictorial series, issuing from the office of the London Illustrated News. The three volumes of popular collections, answering to our American reading books, are well selected as to literary matter, for interest, matter of fact, a sprinkling of poetry, with an air of novelty—enlivened for the youthful eye by striking pictures on almost every page. These books are elegant and entertaining enough for a holiday present, and useful enough for common-school instruction.

The *Pictures of Travel* by Dumas is, what its name imports and the name of the author always securely promises, a picturesque book in itself, apart from the artist's illustrations. The labors of other men are the recreations of M. Dumas. He supplies us in this book with history, legend, and adventure; Gauls, Romans, Dukes, modern Frenchmen, temples, castles, inns, ceremonies, fetes, vineyards, and, above all, M. Dumas himself. The vignette illustrations of portrait, building, scenery, antiquities, &c., are charmingly executed, come in admirably as an encouragement at the head of a chapter, and close it satisfactorily with a lingering glance at town or country.

#### A SURVEY OF THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

WE propose to lay before our readers a few considerations in behalf of a new Copyright Act, by which the authors of all countries shall be equally entitled to hold their property in the fruits of their labor, in the United States. We shall dwell upon what seems to us the controlling and elementary principle of the case rather than on statements of detail, which—strong as they are in advocacy of the proposed change—are extremely shifting, and always, or very nearly always, open to a double interpretation. It is to be presumed, that the object of legislation, or one of its objects, is to discover radical wrongs, and by radical rights, to destroy and remove them. From various causes to be examined hereafter, it appears safe to conclude, in this question of copyright, that there is a deep-seated principle or element of injury somewhere. By summoning before us, in the argument, all the parties in interest, and by instituting an induction which shall be broad enough to reach and to include them all, we shall, perhaps, be able to determine a remedy. By establishing the character of the injury, its scope and its conditions, we may discover by what means it is to be best counteracted. One of the aims of wise rulers is to avoid legislating for the present, for temporary advantages, or for local objects, but to set in motion laws having a life in them, by which they may endure through long tracts of time, and vindicate themselves by the steadiness with which they stand good in all the strains and trials, interest, or passion, or caprice may put upon them. This, at least, is the theory of the American Constitution: and that it should be the practice of the American Government, it is to be hoped may be made to appear to you in the progress of a brief survey of the copyright question:

\* *Pictures of Travel in the South of France.* By Alexander Dumas. Illustrated. London. New York: Bangs, Brother & Co.

The Illustrated London Instructor.—Ibid.

The Illustrated London Reading Book.—Ibid.

The Illustrated London Spelling Book.—Ibid.

\* *The Standard Speaker; containing Exercises in Prose and Poetry.* By Epes Sargent. Phila.: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.



*I. The right of all authors in their Property.*

Any plea in behalf of a New Copyright Act, which fails to open with a solemn declaration that the Author's right is as good, as true, as substantial as the farmer's, the mechanic's, the smith's, the mason's, stumbles at the threshold. Approach the subject as we may, through mazes of logic, through statistical tables, through gatherings of observation—we must always come upon this great, central, Eddystone Fact, against which we pause and retire again. If it could be shown that the supposed Right is a matter of gift, of statute, or popular favor, merely, we doubt whether a new Copyright Act would, in reality, and in the long trial, be of any use to such as ask for it, or, permanently, to any others. This is the salt which savors the whole application; and that it can be relied on, built upon, stood upon, and argued from, appears at once, when you begin to put the question—why is a distinction made between Author's property or any body else's property? The author is a man, a free man, not formally disfranchised, supposed equal to all other investitures, and why should he fail in the power to hold his own? Show the line which divides him from other men; the mark upon him by which he is to be unhappily distinguished and segregated from the mass of mankind. It does not exist. It cannot be shown. He stands before you and all the world as high, as broad, as firm, as capable of the tenure of his own property as any of all mankind. It is not for him to show that his property is property; but for such as doubt to show that it is *not* property; by some definition or other of property, to throw it out of the pale, whither he shall follow and reclaim it if he can. And why should his right be limited either as to time or place? Has it a vitality only within bounds, which it loses passing out of them? Or is it endowed with an evil or injurious potency when it has endured beyond a certain term of years? Farms are not held on condition that they shall be thrown into commons on the expiration of the first lease of fourteen, twenty-eight, or forty-two years; nor is there any known country in the world which the American people would allow to be represented at their Seat of Government, where such as enter it from abroad shall be rifled by law and made to give over their whole bulk of property for the benefit of the resident population. Unless the peculiar ground were taken that an impost equal to the whole value of the property in question (the Foreign Book) were laid for the benefit of the Government, it is difficult to see how this point could be covered; it could not be clearly so, for the passing into the country of a single copy of the Book, under no matter what amount of duty, unties the restriction, and allows it to spread through the land—to be the estray and booty of all men, the first finder and the last. This, then, appears to be a species of property excepted from the provision which civilized societies are supposed to make, to preserve to each man the secure possession of his own. And now we may pass to the consideration whether this onerous distinction shall be allowed to press onward and overbear a class—though separated in country—kindred in pursuit to the first sufferers.

*II. The Interest of the Home Author.*

It does not appear that at any time the authors of the country in a body or in any con-

siderable proportion have become parties to the principle that the productions of their foreign brethren shall be so regarded; on the contrary, it does appear that they have at all times felt that the distinction was an unjust one and hurtful in its operation, in both directions. They have not always, it is to be allowed, enforced the right principle, but they have always feelingly dwelt upon certain painful results of its violation. The use of Foreign Writings, without a recognition of the Right, has been followed from the beginning by certain evils, which large numbers have acknowledged without clearly discerning their source; and these evils have steadily increased with the increased abuse of the Right in question. A consideration which should lead us to the governing principle of the case, unless some other broad enough and long enough and constant enough to solve the statement, may be found. The American author stands right in the premises; stands in a position from which he may most advantageously command the field; and, standing there, he says he is prepared to contend with the foreign author on the same terms and under the same conditions as prevail in all the other dealings of the world: he will create his ware by the same honest process, bring it to the market, show it fairly in the light: and submit it to all the tests—to which the rival dealer, by the custom of the market, is held. Equal competition, equal in all its circumstances, with no abatement, no increase, is what he seeks, what he prays for: and it is a False Order of Things which denies to the honest laborer, with head or hand, the opportunity of a free and equal market. Gainsay it who may, there is an evil at the heart of that Legislation which puts one man into the place of dealing with honest wares against traffickers who have neither slept nor wakened, nor toiled nor sweated as he has that he might come there with clean hands to demand a price by which he may live. If the wrong now complained of had its origin and whole cause with the same parties, it would color all it touched from the beginning to the end: but the foreign book is the product of one whose purpose in this regard is free from evil; its sale being in the hands of others, who neither ask his authority nor labor under his sanction. And the consequence is, that as the hands to do evil are many, the foreign work and the foreign reputation are driven forward with Briarean power; the work and the reputation of the home writer, no party to the wrong, stand still. The fame of the foreign author swells as the evil goes on, and that of the native writer dwindles. Another great principle struck to the heart! A poor country, a sad and misgoverned one (even in a bad world) where the pursuit of truth and beauty, in their purest and loftiest forms, brings by operation of law, a daily and a deepening disgrace—for to clear spirits whose spur is fame, its diminution is a disgrace—measured only by the mere of wind and tide, and the hazardous impulses of traders in men's souls. That native character in literature shall perish and foreign character build upon it seems monstrous to a clear eye and a just judgment, seeing and weighing these things without bias.

*III. The Interest of the Home Publisher.*

Sweeping downward this Wrong next rolls itself upon interests of a lower order with an impulse no less sure and fatal. It is

to be taken for granted that the publishers of the United States when they enter upon the business of book-publishing (noble in its associations and in its objects) intend to pursue a legitimate calling by honest means and to live, as men only can, permanently, live by fair, honest profits. And so they should and would—but they, unhappily, allow themselves, in certain sections of their business, to become parties to this Injustice; and what is the result? The canker which seemed to live at the foot of the tree, a little ornamental ring or chasing upon the bark, has mounted to the top, and the tree perishes in open sight. They could not, can not, must not—expect to do a permanent, safe, reliable, hopeful business on such a bottom. It is sand, and drifts with every fresh wind and changing current. And this they have learned. They have seen that no dexterity of theirs, no good fortune in the choice of works, no indulgence of the popular taste or popular whim can keep them as they were. In a troubled sea the fish will sometimes drive into their nets, sometimes into their neighbors'. They have learned that the basis of all permanent, manly business is Right Principle; in all, from all, dispersed the wide world over, to each man his own, security in his own; and that Invasion is a dishanded Sword that cuts at both ends. Give the author his Right, they say, his secure, permanent Right, that we, the correlative of the author, may have a clear title to work under.

Next week we shall consider the further interests and bearings of this Question.

## MARKS AND REMARKS.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for March introduces to us one or two points of American historical gossip growing out of a review of Lord Mahon's History:

"Washington was not forward to rush into the dispute between the colony and that country which he had long been accustomed to designate, as all emigrants still continue to do, by the endearing name of 'home.' This was another indication of the strength and nobility of his exalted character.

"Mark," remarks Lord Mahon, "how brightly the first forbearance of Washington combines with his subsequent determination,—how he who had been so slow to come forward was magnanimous in persevering. When defeat had overtaken the American army,—when subjugation by the British rose in view,—when not a few of the earliest declaimers against England were, more or less, privately seeking to make terms for themselves, and fitting their own necks to the yoke,—the high spirit of Washington never for a moment quailed; he repeatedly declared that if the colonies were finally overpowered he was resolved to quit them for ever, and, assembling as many people as would follow, go and establish an independent state in the West, on the rivers Mississippi and Missouri."

"His reluctance to accept the office of General-in-Chief was no less certain and marked. 'Far from seeking this appointment,' he remarked, 'I have used every endeavour to avoid it. . . . But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service . . . I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me.' He declined, however, the salary of five hundred dollars per month annexed to the office, accepting no more than the repayment of his

expenses, and after eight arduous years of the chief command 'he went out no richer than he came.'

"Testimony to the excellence of mortal man cannot go higher than that which Lord Mahon offers on behalf of the conduct of Washington during his public career. 'Not a single instance, as I believe, can be found in his whole career when he was impelled by any but an upright motive, or endeavored to attain any object by any but worthy means.' Equally decided is the noble historian upon the retrogression which has been made in the United States from the principles of Washington, a retrogression inconsistently combined with a deep and universal reverence for his character.

"A president when recommending measures of aggression and invasion can still refer to him whose rule was ever to arm only in self-defence as to 'the greatest and best of men.' States which exult in their bankruptcy as a proof of their superior shrewdness, and have devised 'repudiation' as a newer and more graceful term for it, yet look up to their great general—the very soul of good faith and honor—with their reverence unimpaired. Politicians who rejoice in seeing the black man the property and chattel of the white, and desire to rank that state of things amongst their noblest 'institutions,' are yet willing to forgive or forget how Washington prayed to God that a spirit to set free the slave might speedily diffuse itself amidst his countrymen! Thus may it be said of this most virtuous man what in days of old was said of Virtue herself, that even those who depart most widely from her precepts still keep holy and bow down to her name.

"This is not the only cause of disagreement, nor in our judgment the most important, which Lord Mahon finds with America. He discloses a state of things respecting some of her most respectable and best accredited publications upon the subject of Washington and the War of Independence, which we were not prepared to expect. For example, Mr. Jared Sparks is shown, in a variety of instances, to have tampered with the MSS. and other authorities used by him, to a degree which must go far to deprive his works of all pretence to trustworthiness. Passages of Washington's simple English have been systematically refined and polished up to the modern standard of republican eloquence; and passages, and whole letters, which reflected upon the conduct or bravery of Americans have been omitted altogether. Such offerings to the silly pride of a people intolerant of everything that may be thought to detract from their greatness are equally beneath the dignity and the honesty of literature.

"The application of the Americans to the Pretender, offering to transfer their allegiance from King George to the heir of the Stuarts, is duly noticed by Lord Mahon. This curious fact is vouched by two authorities. Dutens in his *Mémoires d'un Voyageur* remarks, that the Abbé Fabroni, rector of the University of Pisa, had assured him that he had seen several letters from Boston to that effect, written to the Pretender at the beginning of the war. Again, Washington Irving was assured by Sir Walter Scott that among the Stuart papers Sir Walter had found a Memorial to Prince Charles, from some adherents in America, dated 1778, and proposing to set up his standard in the back settlements.

But this paper is not now to be found in its place in the collection. 'These men did not and could not know,' remarks Lord Mahon, 'the details of the Pretender's domestic life at Florence. But such was still their reverence for royalty, that they desired to cling to it even where it might be only the shadow of a shade.'

The Shelley Forgeries are served up dramatically in a column of the *London Weekly News and Chronicle*, headed *THE LITERARY SELL*. Thus:

"Ye shades of Chatterton and Ireland rejoice! A new fabricator longs to greet you. A new victim of your arts is found in the respectable publisher, Mr. Moxon, of Dover-street.

"Imagine this story of the Shelley Letters recounted in the style of 'Sartor Resartus':—

"And thou, serene dealer in duodecimos, loling conspicuous on cushioned horsehair, who could foretell it—this destiny of thine—that thou, still verdant in the heart of yellow fog, should'st embrace an unveracity, a Marsh-Jötun, and feed the jaws of the fraudulent chimera!"

Or again, in the style of "One in a Thousand":—

"It was on a beautiful morning, towards the latter end of August, that two women were seen to emerge from an upper apartment in the quarter of the Seven Dials, and to wend their way in the direction of Pall Mall. The elder, who might have been about fifty summers, was attired in a dress of black bombazine, with crape edgings, the latter somewhat faded. Her companion, who also wore a mourning garb, might have passed easily for her daughter or niece. Neither of the women appeared desirous to exchange a greeting with the throng of passengers proceeding towards the City, but, threading their way in earnest conversation, exhibited little interest in external objects till they approached a door over which was painted, in legible characters, 'T. White, Bookseller.' Then the elder of the two, extracting from her pocket a handkerchief, which appeared to contain a bulbous root, applied it to her eyes, and was observed to weep bitterly."

Or again, the story might suggest a treatment in the revived manner of the author of "Bleak House":—

"London. The literary season lately over, and the editor of the 'Household Words' sitting in his interior sanctum. Insufferable August weather.

"Flam everywhere. Flam up the street—flam down the street—flam at the bakers, in the shape of alum for bread, and flam at the grocer's, where they sell starch for arrowroot—flam trickling out in pennyworths of milk and water at every doorstep, mingling with the sloe juice in grandmother's teacup, and lying out in saucers for the cat—flam in the wreaths of dirty smoke which ascend from the consumers of Havana, cabbages—flam in the throats of wheezy charwomen, who think they are drinking Beaufoy's undiluted—and hard by the Lyceum Theatre sits the editor of the 'Household Words,' unconscious that paper, ink, and type, the realm over which he presides complacently, can produce the greatest flam of all, a flam which even he will recognise when they call on the case of Shelley versus Moxon."

We wish we were capable of continuing the story in the language of either of the celebrities quoted; but we must relapse perforce into our own feebleness. Only, as the narrative is so essentially dramatic, we divide it appropriately at its successive stages:—

*Scene the First.*—Mr. White's shop. Enter the two women in an attitude of subdued sorrow. Mr. White is invited out from his breakfast, and then the tale of distress is unfolded. A literary gentleman, under circumstances of pressure, is compelled to part with some of his little treasures—letters of the poet Shelley, sacred scripts—some of them containing secrets of the most delicate nature—never would have seen the light but for the incident of a returned bill, rent overdue, and no proximate assets. Mr. White inclines his ear to pity and his eye to business—buys then and afterwards, and ultimately acquires a series of these relics, which he puts into the hands of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson.

*Scene the Second.*—Messrs. Sotheby's auction-room. A spirited competition for the unpublished autographs. The hammer raised, the bidders eager—on the other hand, the Critic of the *Athenæum*, honestly indignant at the sale of private scandal in market overt. The hammer descending—Mr. Moxon, of Dover-street, and Sir Peter Shelley respectively, the purchasers.

*Scene the Third.*—The fortunate Mr. Moxon and Mr. Robert Browning discussing the light which these documents throw upon portions of Shelley's history, and their complimentary illustration of his poetic genius and philosophy. Plan of their publication—theory of the preface—arrangement of the title-page—color of the binding, &c.

*Scene the Fourth.*—Young Mr. Palgrave calling on the Laureate and dipping into the Shelley volume, which, of course, Mr. Moxon had sent to the great Alfred as a compliment to his popular poet. Mr. Palgrave's look of doubtful reminiscence, as he lights upon a passage strongly reminding him of—yes, it must be—one of his father's own articles in the "Quarterly."

*Scene the Fifth.*—The resemblance between the letters and the article verified by Mr. Moxon and Palgrave the elder. The suspicion suggested to Mr. Moxon that the deputy-keeper of the Records is a plagiarist—the consolation of Mr. Moxon—the perplexity of Sir Francis.

*Scene the Sixth.*—The comparison of the letters, dates, postmarks, &c., with known originals—the discovery of letters of Keats and Byron, the letter in Mr. Murray's possession, in the same handwriting—the general denouement.

*After-piece.*—The *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*, lifting up their voices in conjunction on the Saturday. The outcry at the deception practised on everybody—booksellers, auctioneers, authors, publishers, and reviewers. The forgery the town's talk on the Sunday. The critic of the *Daily News*, who, on the Saturday afternoon, had probably gone out of town to gather crocuses, on the Monday following treating the volume as genuine. The appearance, in short, of a Tilly Slowboy at the conclusion of the entertainment, pushing the baby in our faces, when we are all agreed that the little wretch is an imposter.

This story, as it has been said, is as good as a play. For our parts, we think it is better than a great many of them.

*Punch*, of course, has his improvement of the matter, which he neatly handles, with a general application:

"An interesting sale of Autographs has recently taken place in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. The principal purchasers are eminent dealers in butter, trunks, and crockery; and the competition was very spirited. One of them was kind enough to jot down a few of the prices upon the head of a cask, which served him for a seat during the sale, and which, under the new postal regulations in favor of literature, we have re-



turned to him by post. We subjoin a selection.

"A letter of Mr. John Smith, without date, but addressed to Mr. Thomas Brown, saying that he was going to call on Mr. William Jones (possibly Sir William, when young), Ol. Ox. 04d. A letter from the lessee (anonymous) of Vauxhall, in 1802, informing Mr. Robinson, of Lambeth, that he was on the free list, Ol. Ox. 04d. A printed letter from the Postmaster-General (1824), acknowledging Mr. Wiggins's complaint that he had lost eleven money-letters, and promising that inquiry should be made. A M.S. note on the back, in Mr. W.'s hand—"All I ever heard of it." This fetched a penny. A forged order on the Cobourg Pit (1839), which had been refused, with a memorandum on the back that 'this might have been a joke of Theodore Hook's, as that eminent wag was living at the time,' brought three-halfpence. The cover of an Eton Latin Grammar, with 'P. A. J.' written inside, and which was therefore conjectured to have been George Canning's (as he was at Eton), and to refer to the 'Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin,' was bought in. The (supposed) original M.S. of the celebrated epitaph, 'Afflictions sore long time I bore,' &c., in a strong hand, and 'D. S.' below it (perhaps Dean Swift), fetched one-halfpenny. A copy-book, one cover torn off, with 'Bounty Commands Esteem,' in the first page, rest blank, brought twopence. A frank, written by Baron Nathan, under the impression that he was a Peer of the Realm, sixpence, understood to have been bought by the Rosherville Egg Club. Author's M.S. copy of a letter of nineteen pages, addressed by Mr. John Tompkins to the *Times* newspaper, complaining that he had been insulted by the Boodle of the Burlington Arcade (the letter does not appear to have been inserted by that journal), thick paper, twopence. A note from Miss L. Levation, danseuse at the Opera, to her washerwoman, promising an instalment on Saturday, and requesting 'tites, immediately,' one penny. A colored portrait of Mr. N. T. Hicks, as the *Brigand of the Gorge*, with an autograph note in a female hand, 'Not art ansum enough for in,' twopence. A letter from the Clerk of the Works at the building of Huxton Poorhouse, dismissing an Irish hodman for insubordination under the influence of beer, a penny-farthing. An Album, containing cuttings from pocket-books, views of seats in the country, charades, and recipes for colds, blackleading stoves, and pickles, was bid hard for, and finally knocked down to the lady of an hotel-keeper, for eighteen-pence. A good many blue-books; some political pamphlets; the original M.S. of the Court Guide for 1783 (defective in the B's and P's); the original M.S. of the *Dying Gladiator*, a Tragedy, by a syneretic Author; the French Constitution, and ———'s Magazine (from the commencement), were disposed of at threepence per lb. We regret that the British Museum was unrepresented at this sale, but it is just what might be expected.

#### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

April 7.—The Rev. Dr. Dewitt in the Chair.

The Librarian reported valuable donations of series of American periodicals, files of newspapers, books, &c. Mr. Moon also presented and read the following communication from John G. Shea, accompa-

nying the original map of Father Marquette, detailing the results of his discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River, in the year 1673.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—FATHER MARQUETTE'S MAP AND JOURNAL—MS. RELATIONS OF THE JESUITS, &c.

We have now little idea of the obscurity which, for a long time, hung over the interior of this country. Each wanderer's vague account was swelled by his own imagination, or that of others, into a wondrous tale, and romance long enjoyed the field which it has now yielded to sober fact. Strange was the history of the Great River of the West, el Rio Grande, la grande Riviere, (the Mississippi). First of white men, the strange adventurer, Cabeza de Vaca, with the three survivors of the gallant band of Narvaez, traversing the continent from Florida to California, came to the Mississippi; but he remarks it only as a great river that they crossed, as—wandering from tribe to tribe in the guise of medicine-men—they journeyed on in hopes of reaching at last some spot where a towering cross would tell them their countrymen were near. This was in 1537; and when the little party at last appeared among the Spanish Colonists, each told his tale, while all mysteriously intimated that regions of untold wealth spread over the unknown interior. Two years later, De Soto entered Florida to seek the visionary realm; while, almost at the same time, the adventurous Franciscan, Mark de Niza, set out from Culiacan to return upon De Vaca's trail, as De Soto sought to follow it; for both expeditions were the offspring of the accounts of the surviving four. Around both, accordingly, hangs a halo of romance, which has caused much scepticism as to their real success. De Soto reached the Mississippi, his Rio Grande or great river, which hurried down its muddy tide the giant trees it had uprooted hundreds of miles above. He crossed it about the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, as our historians commonly suppose, and then ascended the river on the western shore for some weeks. The chroniclers of his expedition were thus at liberty to examine the country around, and in fact their description, though but incidental, is valuable and generally accurate.

De Soto now roamed over the country west of the Great River. In April, 1542, he reached it again, broken-hearted, after long and useless wanderings. Why linger over his fate? He died soon after on its banks, not far from the mouth of Red River, and after a temporary interment on the shore, his body was sunk in the waters of the Rio Grande (Mississippi). His successor, Moscoso, after an ineffectual attempt to reach Mexico by land, returned the next year to the Great River, and building boats, descended the turbid current to the Gulf of Mexico, which they reached in seventeen days.

Spain had thus explored for a considerable distance the Great River of the West, and the Adelantado of Cuba remained in its bosom to guard it for his countrymen. But Spain did no more; the accidental discovery had unfolded to the eye of avarice no golden land, and she neglected the great artery of America.

Once only after this do I find the great river mentioned, and its name, Rio Grande,

given erroneously to another river which still bears it: an expedition, that (if I remember) of Espejo, which about 1580 set out to seek out some zealous Missionaries whom ardor and courage had led where soldiers shrank from following them, reached a broad and turbid stream hurrying onward to the sea. Supposing it to be the Great River of De Soto, he called it so, and it is now the southern boundary of our national domain.

As early as 1639, the Jesuit Missionaries of Canada, in their posts on Lake Huron, had heard of the great river which ran through countless tribes to a distant sea. Two years later, two fathers planted the cross at the outlet of Lake Superior, and turned a longing eye towards the South, which they already visited in desire; but these hopes were to be blasted. One was soon to perish by the hands of the Mohawk, and the whole Huron tribe were to be swept away by the victorious allies; while missionary after missionary died amid his neophytes, triumphing over every torture. Upper Canada was a desert. Priest and people had alike been slain, and the missionaries were compelled to pause.

The Great River was still the object of their ardent zeal; but the humble missionary could not then easily obtain the means for a long expedition. Marquette, above all, sighed to undertake it; unaided by man, he turns to heaven, and at last his prayer is heard; the Colonial Government suddenly resolved to explore that Great River, to see whether it ran to the Gulf of California, and opened the way to China, or passed itself by the realm of Quivira, which teemed with gold. Joliet was selected for the purpose, and long connected with the Jesuit missionaries, first as a pupil, then as one of their wandering flock; while a trader in the West, he selected Father Marquette as his companion. They set out in May, 1673, and the result of their voyage is too well known to dwell upon. Each apparently drew up a narrative of the voyage, but as Joliet was descending the St. Lawrence, his canoe upset, and all his papers were lost. Meanwhile, Father Marquette, broken in health, was reposing for a while at the Mission of St. Francis, awaiting the moment when his health should permit, to revisit his Mission of the Immaculate Conception in Illinois, which he had founded as he was returning from the Mississippi. It was not till September that he felt strong enough to undertake the journey, and he accordingly set out soon after. Before his departure, he transmitted—as his autograph journal shows—copies of his journal down the Mississippi, or Conception River, and doubtless the map which is this evening offered for the inspection of the Historical Society, and which now belongs to the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

To return to Marquette. That faithful missionary, after much suffering during the winter, reached the Illinois, and finding that his days were numbered, set out after a short stay to return to the Mission; but it was too late. He sank gradually, as he advanced in his canoe along Lake Michigan, and expired on the shore, where he bade his companions lay him. He was a perfect missionary, without a thought or desire beyond the service of the God to whom he had devoted his life. He did not seek to publish his discovery, and if his superiors did at the

time, the Court probably prevented it, for fear of exciting the jealousy of Spain. It was never published by the Jesuits as a continuation of their Relations, and when issued by Thevenot, was pruned so as to say nothing of the object in view. The map in Thevenot, when compared with the autograph, shows, however, still greater discrepancy. The likeness is too little to be easily discerned, while the unlikeness is apparent. I have now but to add a word as to the history of the map, which thus comes before the world nearly two hundred years after it was penned. The last published volume of the Jesuit Relations, is that for the years 1671-2. This was published by Father Claude Dablon, the Superior of the Canada Mission at the time. He prepared for the press the volume of the ensuing year, but for some reason, now unknown, the publication was stopped. The obstacle was apparently a temporary one, for he next drew up a Relation embracing a period of six years to 1679, and also an account of the voyages and death of Father Marquette. None of these were ever published, and the collection was apparently abandoned. These manuscripts, with some others, including the last journal and map of Marquette, various papers copied under the direction of Father Ragueneau and Father Ponce, remained in the archives of the College of Quebec, unheeded and unknown, till the French war, as we on this side call that which ended in the conquest of Canada. When the British flag had replaced the lilies of France at Quebec, the English Government excited in her former Colonies a burst of indignation by an act maintaining the Catholic Church of Canada in its actual state. It made one sacrifice, however, to prejudice; the two religious orders of men then in Canada were peculiarly obnoxious to the Colonists—these were the Jesuits and Recollects. As to them, it was decreed that no new members were to be admitted, and that when the last surviving priest expired, the property of the order should revert to the Crown. The last survivor of the Jesuits died in 1800; but previous to his death he took from the archives the more valuable papers, including those we have named, and committed them to the care of the Hospital Nuns. The other papers were seized by the Sheriff, at his death, and are now chiefly lost or scattered. Those thus saved by Father Cazot, remained in the Hotel Dieu till 1844, when they were presented by their faithful guardians to the Jesuits, who but two years before had entered that land so rich in historical reminiscences, to a fellow-religieuse of a Jogues a Brebeuf and a Marquette. We are indebted for its presence here to the kindness of the President of St. Mary's College, Rev. F. Martin, who has agreed to its publication in New York, in the historical collections of Mr. French.

Prof. GEO. W. GREENE, of Rhode Island, being called upon in reference to the publication of the papers of his grandfather, Major-Gen. Greene, stated—"I have in my possession the papers of Maj. Gen. Greene, of the Revolution. It is his own collection, carefully preserved by him with the intention of using it as the basis of a history of the whole or part of the war, and which has been in the possession of his family ever since his death. It was from this that Judge Johnson drew the materials of his voluminous work. The

whole collection contains several thousand papers, nearly two thousand of which are in the handwriting of Gen. Greene. Besides his own letters, which begin at the camp before Boston, in 1775; there is a large number of official papers, estimates, opinions, reports and returns. There are numerous letters from Washington, from Lafayette, from Jefferson, from officers of all grades, both civil and military, from Governors, from Foreign Ministers, from private citizens; a mass of material, in short, surpassed only by the Washington papers, and in what relates to the Southern campaigns, far superior, as you will readily conceive, even to them.

This collection I am preparing for publication, and it is not to you, gentlemen, that I shall attempt to enlarge upon the importance of my undertaking. I look upon it as one of national interest, as an important contribution to one of the most marvellous periods in a history full of marvels. I feel therefore that I have a claim upon the good wishes and cooperation of every American who feels as an American ought about the history of his own country. And the cooperation which I ask for, is very easily given. Complete as my collection is in many respects, there are still many things in other collections from which I might derive material aid. There are occasional breaks in correspondence which some of you, perhaps, might help me to fill up, and obscure questions which it is still possible to elucidate. There are many of Gen. Greene's own letters also scattered in various places, and of which no copy has been kept. Copies of these—or of any other document bearing upon my subjects, will be of great service to me. If you cannot get me copies, if you can put me upon the track of the originals, if you will tell me where they are to be found, or even where they are likely to be found, I shall feel equally obliged. With me, this is a labor of love—a work to which I had long looked forward with the mingled pride of an American and a grandson. I would wish to do it well. I would wish to put this record of the great deeds of a great man beyond the reach of chance. We do not know half the greatness of the founders of our Republic, for we do not know half the obstacles against which they had to contend. It is only in collections like this—it is only in their own letters, the daily and hourly record of their daily and hourly trials, that their true history is to be found. No biographer can ever tell Washington's story as he has told it himself. Majestic as he appears on the historian's page—how much more majestic does he appear in those pages which his own firm heart dictated in the hour of peril and dismay! I trust, Sir, that the day is not far distant when the same pious office which has been so piously performed for him, will be rendered to all those great men who helped him to make us what we are. This is the feeling which I bring to my own task—and it is to this feeling that I appeal, in asking once more for your good wishes and cooperation."

The work of Prof. Greene, we understand, will consist of 6 vols. 8vo., in the style of the first edition of Sparks's Washington, with the necessary maps, &c.—The first volume will contain the life, based upon the materials supplied by this collection.

A memorial is before Congress, asking them to take from 1200 to 1500 copies—which would ensure the success of an under-

taking which otherwise would not be brought out as it ought to be.

One or two vols. will be ready by Dec.

MR. JOSEPH BLUNT then read a paper, an Examination of the Title of the American Colonies to the old North-Western Territory.

MR. MOORE then presented and read a paper from Prof. Wm. W. Turner, communicated also to the Ethnological Society, and printed since in our columns, an Inquiry into the remarkable resemblances between the powerful tribe of Apache Indians (of New-Mexico and the Athapascans of the region north-west of Hudson's Bay.

To the original communication were also appended the following additional remarks:

"The surprising agreement, amounting even to identity of terms, in the description given by Mr. Bartlett and Sir John Richardson, of the sounds of the Apache and of the Northern Athapasean, testifies, at the same time, to the strong resemblance of the two languages, and to the faithful accuracy of the observers.

"Sir John Richardson, in his recently published Arctic Searching Expedition, says: 'A Dog-rib or Athapasean appears, to one unaccustomed to hear the language, to be stuttering. Some of the sounds must have a strong resemblance to the Hottentot click, and palatal and guttural syllables abound in the language.'

"Mr. Bartlett, in a letter from the Rito del Cobre, dated July 25th, 1851, and published in the Literary World, says of the Apache: 'But such a language! It sounds like a combination of Polish, Chinese, Choctaw, and Dutch. Grunts and gutturals abound, and there is a strong resemblance to the Hottentot click. Now blend these together, and, as you utter the word, swallow it, and the sound will be a fair specimen of an Apache word.'

"There are some circumstances recorded by travellers which go to sanction the supposition of the Asiatic origin of this people. The Tahkhalis, or Carrier Indians of New Caledonia, usually burn their dead; and if the deceased personage leaves a widow, she is all but burned alive with the corpse, being compelled to lie upon it while the fire is lighted, and remain there till the heat becomes beyond endurance. 'In former time,' says Mr. Hale, 'when she attempted to break away, she was pushed back into the flames by the relatives of her husband, and thus often severely injured.'

"The Kutchin, or Loucheux, a tribe west of Mackenzie's River, who appear to belong to the Athapasean stock, are in the habit of bandaging their children's feet, to prevent their growing, small feet being thought handsome; and the consequence is that short unshapely feet are characteristic of the people. The practice is not confined to females.

"Of the Chepcoyans, Mackenzie states: 'They have a tradition amongst them, that they originally came from another country, inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery, it being always winter, with ice and deep snow. At the Coppermine River, where they made the first land, the ground was covered with copper, over which a body of earth had since been collected, to the depth of a man's height. They believe also that, in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out



with walking, and their throats with eating. They describe a deluge, when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves."

#### SKETCHES OVER THE SEA.

##### AN EVENING ON GALILEE.

THE Monks were celebrating early mass in the Nazareth church, and the sweet, rich organ tones rose and fell in the grotto where the kneeling Mary heard the good tidings, as our party of travellers, refreshed by a long night's rest, and guided by the assiduous Fra Michele, entered the chapel. Now sad and now triumphant, now solemn and again rejoicing, the music seemed a liturgy in itself, and those Syrian worshippers felt its power, as, with uncovered shaven heads and prostrate forms, they repeated their morning prayers. The service over, the devout mingled with the throng of the population of Nazareth, that were assembled to witness our departure—young women, more beautiful than we had seen elsewhere, with lovely, dark-eyed children in their arms; boys and girls in many-colored, tattered garments; old crippled beggars, wild Bedouins, who had ventured within the town to transact some trifling business, laughing, insolent men, young and old, crowded round us, and were never tired of inspecting the travellers, their horses, or their luggage, though the last was perhaps the most interesting object of curiosity. We slowly traversed the narrow lanes, and wound up the hills that bound the valley on the opposite side; and, turning often to look at the pretty nestling town, we paused for a moment on the summit, gazed once more on the clay built walls and houses, the modest convent and the grey minarets, and turned our faces and thoughts toward Mount Tabor. A weary way was it there; through fields of fennel, up rocky slopes, and passing long rows of black Bedouin tents. The ascent was zigzag and rocky; and first the timid, and at length even the bold, dismounted, more willing to trust their own feet than the ill-shod beasts, already wearied with many a long day's travel. We were sometimes startled, during the ascent, by the sudden appearance from the thickets of very suspicious-looking Bedouin lads, who seemed either unable or unwilling to give us any information of our route; and as, on looking back, I saw their keen eyes yet following our movements, I could not but feel a little tremor at the thought of being attacked in that wild place, unguarded as we were, for the mules and attendants had been sent by a shorter route, and only the dragoman, Hanna, and the guide, retained. The latter usually went among us by the name of *Mokery man*, *Moke* being the slang term for the little patient race of donkeys, of which the one he bestrode was perhaps the most unhappy specimen that could be found, and from a certain suitability of the name to the fellow's funny face and figure, he retained it till the end of the journey, to the exclusion of his proper cognomen of, Ismail. He was taken merely as a guide for the route; but, being of an even and languid temperament, he went regularly on at a slow jog-trot, hour after hour, and we generally passed him by, and found the path for ourselves. Often, when we had long bade him adieu, distant shouts would reach our ears, and, looking back, we would see *Mokery man* quietly

teasing off in quite another direction, and caving to us to retrace our steps and follow him. To all our angry remonstrances and urgent entreaties—by signs, for we spoke no Arabic—that he would go a little faster, he only replied by taking his pipe from his mouth, pointing to our horses, and reiterating his only two words of Italian, "Cavallo morto," with a dismal prophetic shake of the head, and then, resuming his *tehibouque*, no oratory on our part could move him more. As soon as one bowl-ful of tobacco was consumed, it was refilled from his exhaustless pouch; and the remembrance of my Syrian journey is ever connected with an image of *Mokery man* sitting side-ways on his donkey, with the wooden pipe in his month, and his eyes half closed, in a sort of placid doze.

Mount Tabor is of a singularly regular cone-shape, and stands detached from the rest of the chain of hills, marked and isolated on the plain. But what a view does it command! The plains of Esdraelon and Genesareth, the mountains of Hermon, Gilead, Gilboa, Samaria, Carmel, and Little Hermon; the valley of the Jordan, and a mere glimmer of the Sea of Galilee, were displayed to our wondering eyes, as we rested on the top, from the toilsome scramble. Travellers in Palestine are divided into two classes, the believers, and the sceptical; not, indeed, about the great events that have taken place in this land, but in the places shown as the sites of those events. But even if they are not reliable, the Church has shown great judgment in consecrating spots in themselves appropriate, and of these Mount Tabor is a striking example. Standing on the ruins of the old Latin convent, and gazing at the magnificent prospect, we felt that there could be no fitter place for communion between heaven and earth, for the temporary resting-place of beings who dwell in the floating clouds above our heads. Two anchorites still reside on this mountain, supplied with food from the Greek convent at Nazareth, and alternate with the other brethren, each pair remaining a twelvemonth in the little hut, that, except to one familiar with the place, is undiscoverable among the rubbish of the ruins, and the thickets of ilex. We met with no molestation from the Bedouins, and, repassing their encampment, we pursued our way over the desolate and arid plain that lay between us and Tiberias. Tradition assigns the summit of a singular hill, called by the natives the Horns of Hot-tein, that we passed on our left, as the spot where was delivered the Sermon on the Mount.—The day was intensely hot; and, wearied by the tiresome ride, I had lagged behind, when a loud exclamation from the foremost of our party, as he reached the brink of a hill before us, made me hasten on with the rest, to behold the Sea of Galilee. There it lay beneath us, in its beauty, enclosed on every side by the high and rugged mountains, over whose barren rock and sand the atmosphere of the East sheds hues of beauty unknown to our forest-clad hills. Not a ripple agitated its clear surface, not a cloud was reflected in its depth. The deep blue heaven looked down upon it as serenely, as in the days when its shores were trodden by the fishermen whose names have since become more famous than the scenes they haunted. But where are the cities that once crowded these shores? where are the ships that filled their harbors, and, alike in calm and storm, crossed and recrossed these

waters? Are they all gone? Is this scene, hallowed by our Saviour's presence, beheld only by the wandering tribes of the desert? Do these hills, that once reechoed to the accents that have gone forth to all the world, now only resound to the scream of the water-fowl and the wail of the jackal? The desolation is not yet so complete. Beneath us, on the shore, rose the shattered walls of the city of Tiberias, and, beyond, were the sites of Magdala, of Bethsaida, and Chorazin, now, alas! only indicated by a hut, or, at most, a scattered hamlet. Across the lake, lines of smoke that rose in the clear air betokened the encampment of wandering tribes, that claim the country beyond the Jordan as their rightful inheritance; and to our great joy, we saw, riding at anchor near the town below us, a little skiff that favored the hope of a sail upon the lake. Over the whole prospect, there hung the calm peculiar to the East, the golden haze that wraps the Orient in a dim veil, like the veil of romance in which we dream of it, and while it diffuses a softness over the picture, inspires the gazer with an indolent languor that loathes to speak, or break the grateful silence. And so, with this feeling imbued and impressed by the memory of all that had taken place there, we stood silently on the brow of the hill, nor spoke, even to our nearest neighbor, our thoughts of the Lake of Genesareth.

But it was getting late in the day, and, to our dismay, we discovered that there would be no time to descend to Tiberias, if we wished to reach our tents at Cana of Galilee that night. None of us were willing to turn our backs so soon upon this delightful vision; and so it was determined to leave the mules and servants to do as they best could without us, and to resign ourselves to the tender mercies of Dr. Weissman, who entertains all travellers that ill luck obliges to stay in the town, whose hot and oppressive atmosphere, and the vermin that infest it, have made it shunned and dreaded by Franks. Having come to this decision, we followed the path a little further, dismounted at the broken wall of a vineyard, and, leaving our horses to drink at the wayside fountain, we stretched ourselves under the shade of an enormous fig-tree, whose gnarled and knotted branches hung so low as to form a sort of bower open in front, affording a view of the sparkling lake and its borders. Here, reposing, we refreshed ourselves with the provisions produced from *Mokery man's* saddle-bags, trusting to Dr. Weissman for our evening's meal. The way down to Tiberias was steep and rocky; but as we approached, a welcome sight met our eyes. Without the walls stood three tents, of the form and color of our own, and disposed in the same manner; and for an instant, we thought that a lucky misunderstanding had sent our servants here. But, alas! it was not so. The little encampment looked inviting enough as we passed: the dragoman and cook were preparing the dinner for their English masters, who were out shooting on the plain; and we turned our horses' heads reluctantly into the gate of Tiberias. Within the walls, all is ruin and desolation. The earthquake seventeen years since, destroyed at once the habitations and the enterprise of the inhabitants, who are now content to build themselves mere shapeless dwellings from the ruins of the former ones; and when the heat is insupportable, they creep for refuge into the bowers of reeds and straw constructed on the

house-tops. But this is one of the four holy cities of the Talmud, and the dispersed Israelites come from all quarters to pass their last days here, and be buried in consecrated ground. Our lodging looked promising enough on the first entrance. The principal room was newly white-washed throughout, and the divans along the walls covered with white dimity. But the open windows only admitted more heated air into the stifling room, and an aching head, and tormenting thirst, and restlessness, soon gave ample evidence that Tiberias had not been belied by the Guide books and tourists of Palestine. Our Hebrew host had so far overcome his scruples as to keep for his guests an Italian Testament; and with this, and the Travellers' Book, we occupied ourselves all that weary afternoon, stretched on the divans, and longing for one breath of that breeze that had so refreshingly greeted us on the summit of Mount Tabor.

The day had saddened into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night, when we sallied forth from our apartment, guided by the dragoman. Like most Oriental cities, Tiberias has no streets, properly so called; the passages between the houses are mere winding lanes, so blocked up with rubbish that each person is forced to walk independently, picking his way, and gathering his garments about him. A few minutes wandering among these labyrinths, and we emerged upon the shore, along which a low embankment served the purpose of a dock. But no boat nor sailors were there. Hanna raised his voice, and Abdallah! Abdallah! resounds along the rocky shore; but Abdallah came not, and presently one of the chance attendants, that always collect about a party of travellers, watching, like birds of prey, for a share in the booty, offered to go in search. He walked out a little way in the water; for an instant his figure glowed in the bright moonlight, and then, turning the point, he disappeared. We seated ourselves patiently in the shadow of the houses, and watched the rippling of the tiny waves at our feet, and the moonbeams glistening on the lake. The hour and the place made us silent. Hence, perhaps, had the Apostles launched out into the deep, and we knew that, on the glittering sea before us, our Savior had walked, and Peter's feet had trod the unstable element as firmly as if it were dry land. We fancied, too, how this fair scene had looked in storm and darkness, when the trembling disciples awakened their Lord from his slumbers, and the angry waves were hushed, and "there was a great calm." Two men came down to fetch water. Rolling up their baggy trousers, they waded into the lake, whose bed shelved off gradually from the shore. Leisurely they filled their buckets, and talking loudly to each other, probably commenting upon the strangers, they came again to the shore, resumed their slippers, and departed to their homes. Still we sat silently meditating, when loud shouts, and the shrill cries in which Arab sailors in especial delight to indulge, told us of the approach of our boat. She rounded the point, and, with much ado, was brought near our station. Two stout Arabs bore on their shoulders each of the party in turn to the little boat, where we disposed ourselves on such cushions as could be formed of shawls and coats, and with more bustle and fuss than one could suppose so small a matter would occasion, the great lateen sail was

spread, and we scudded swiftly along toward the north. All the lake glowed in the brilliant moonlight, except where fell the deep shadows of the bluffs and hills on the shore. The high peaks of the mountains of Gilead, a continuation of the chain of Moab, frowned on the East; the broad plain before them, now diminished to a narrow line, was here and there brightened by a camp fire, diffusing a ruddy glow around.

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep."

Where is Bethsaida? we asked. A single gleam of light from the shadow of the hills answered the question; and of Chorazin and Magdala we saw scarcely more. The glory of the "exalted" Capernaum is dwindled to a miserable village. Oh! how solemn did those prophecies sound as we read them on the very spot of their announcement and accomplishment! But time fled, and prudence, that hated monitor, whispered that the air grew chill. Reluctantly was the order given to shift the sail, and, returning to our starting place, with many a back-turned glance, we again confided ourselves to the sturdy Arabs, who bore us in safety to the shore, demanding however, as they departed, an extra *bacsheesh* for their courtesy. The cool evening breeze was blowing freshly through the windows of our apartment, as we reentered it; and we were soon asleep, to see again, in dreams, the desolate shores and moonlit waters of the Sea of Galilee.

NIELEY.

#### THE LION OF LUCERNE.

[A Chapter from Mr. Donald MacLeod's forthcoming volume, from the press of Scribner, entitled "Pynnshurst, his Wanderings and Ways of Thinking."]

In all guide-books one reads of the Lion of Lucerne; in all shop-windows, in carved-wood, marble, stucco, clay, one sees the Lion of Lucerne; so Hugh Pynnshurst goes in search of it. And as he went, he tried to fancy what it was and wherefore. He knew that it came from the glorious chisel of Thorwaldsen; and he dreamed about it as he walked.

He dreamed, that long ago, say sixty years or so, a good king reigned in the pleasant land of France; where the vineyards bloom upon the hill-side; and gleaming waters wind amid the flowers; where the blue sky hath few clouds, and rich fruits nod from sunny garden walls: where old forests tremble to the winds; and mountains and the ocean form a barrier where every step brings a new history, where every stone has a legend of knightly memory, where Bayard and Du Guesclin fought, and holy Louis ruled, and good St. Vincent preached. That there ruled a good king, called Louis from his saintly ancestor.

But he dreamed, that Richelieu had destroyed the nobles (those God-ordained bulwarks of a throne), and that the ancient chivalry had grown quite dissolute, and had exchanged the thrilling clarion for "the lascivious pleatings of a lute;" that man had degraded woman; that cold infidel philosophy had frozen ancient Faith; and that France had thrown aside those two heroic sayings, "*Noblesse oblige*," and "*Dieu, son honneur et sa dame*."

Then God left France. Yes, left it, though a holy king was on the throne; who stripped himself to give his people bread; who lived by prayer and alms; whose only fault was this, that his kind heart was too loving, too merciful towards his people.

God punishes man for great crimes committed, by leaving him to commit others. Who throws away grace, has none.

There needs a martyr for great principles, and remission comes by blood. Louis must suffer for the sins of his people, of his sire, of France.

Fear paralyzes the heart of that fair land. An awful spirit is abroad, and its name is Revolution. Crush it, King Louis, or it crushes thee.

"They are my people," spake the king, "I will not crush them."

"But historians will mock at thy feebleness."

"Let them mock! at least they will say that I loved my people."

Then the whole fabric of society fell, for it was rotten. And from the dust and ruins swarmed up myriads of creatures hitherto unseen. The wise deliberated: the timid fled: the false betrayed God and king. God, turned away his face: King Louis trusted his people.

Wild men, and wilder women roved the streets, crying out now for Bread, now for a constitution. Blasphemies floated in the air: pollutions stank amid the city. Reason was throned in the temple of the Highest. And ever the human ocean swelled and raged, and the throne tottered as the billows shook it; and he that sat thereon wept, but still loved his people.

And the fierce cries changed,—in the course of years men say—they seemed but moments in Hugh Pynnshurst's dream.

There is a stately lady by the throne, exquisitely beautiful, but white as death. The blood of many kings flows in her veins and she does not know how to fear, but she does not trust the people.

At first Hugh seems to hear them crying, mid the pauses of splendid music, "God save Louis the benevolent, King of France and of Navarre;" but no! it seems he has not heard aright, it is "Live the Restorer of Liberty!" and yet not so, it is "Long live the King of the French!" Ah, if they cried those things they have changed them suddenly. Now they say "Down with Monsieur Veto!"

One moment's silence; then swells an awful roar, mingled with howlings as of countless wolves that have lapped human blood, and its distinctness curdles the blood in the dreamer's veins and the marrow in his bones; and the face of the stately lady waxed white with agony, but does not lose its stateliness as the yell bursts forth, "Death to Louis Capet and to the Austrian!"

And still King Louis loved his people.

Then, Pynnshurst hears the roar of the "*Lion of Lucerne*!"

Loyalty is a child of the mountains. You find it there where ancient blood flows purely in the veins of the hill men. Whether in the Highland offspring of the old Norse kings, the clans that died for Charles, or in the children of the rude Scythian Barons, the Swiss who died for Louis.

They had come from their far, cold Alps, to be a guard for the King of France. Diesbach and Erlach, Counts of old renown; Zimmerman of long line; Castella from the pasture lands of Gruyère, and Grison Salis with his melancholy harp.

There are now some thousand and fifty of them at the Tuilleries. And the butcher Santerre with his furious multitudes marches against them.



"Throw down your arms," cried the Butcher.

"Yes, but only with our lives," was the answer.

Then commenced the unequal war: the mountaineers defending themselves with what few arms they had, and the thousands assailing them with musketry and artillery. But they fight fearfully those guards of the king; hundreds have fallen, but not vainly, the howls below there show that the wolves are stricken.

Then comes that last sad order.

"The king commands the Swiss to depose at once their arms, and to enter their quarters." Signed, "Louis."

Alas! Louis, they are all the defenders thou hast left. "True, but they are killing my people." But thy people hate thee. "It may be; but I love them."

Obeys, ye noble Swiss! ye, at least, are true soldiers; ye know that the warrior's first duty is obedience.

Issue from the Tuileries, brave guards, with your families! They do so, and the knife finishes them. Soldiers and servants, women and little children, are heaped up in the courts, in the gardens, at the gates of the Louvre, in the prisons, in the hospitals!

A thousand lie dead in Paris. One or two get back to their mountains.

In the side of a rock, above a little lake, where the water drips always from the heights, is carved the den. There dies the giant Lion. A broken spear is in his side; below him a lance-point presses on a cross-marked buckler; and a shivered battle-axe lies in front of him. On the calm, glorious face is dignity and death. Slowly the blood is streaming from his side; the heroic eye is glazed; the brow contracted with proud pain that does not murmur, and the great head bowed upon the shattered paw which still guards the lily shield of France.

The lance is in thy side,

O stately forest king!

Quenched is thine eye of pride,

And paralyzed thy spring.

The echoes of thy roar

Shall wake the woods no more.

No more thy foaming teeth shall cling

With awful clench to the livid prey;

For thy broken heart bleeds fast away,

Thou crownless, dying king!

Beside the gleaming Seine

Thy fiery eyeballs shine,

Out from the throbbing vein

The hot gore spouts like wine.

Thou guardest, thou alone,

A king and an ancient throne:

But a thousand hungry gaunt, wolves

pine;

They have tasted blood, their thirst is wild,

And they rush on thee, O forest child,

For the warmest blood is thine!

Well dost thou fight to-day:

But the master bids thee hold,

And thou canst but obey—

Loyal as thou art bold—

Then fall and perish there,

Far from thy native lair:

But ere thy sinewy limbs are cold,

Prove, even while thou dost expire,

That Truth is mightier and higher

Even than the love of gold.

Yet, let thy fading eye

Rest on the cruel lance;

Thy guardian foot still lie

On the broken shield of France.

Shake from thy mighty mane

The drops of crimson rain!

Kindle once more that kingly glance,

Till the gaunt and howling pack

For an instant more shrink back;

Then fall and die for France!

But while a soul can burn

With a glorious thought and high:

While thrilling hearts can yearn

For the noble when they die:

While there is upon the sod

One true to King and God,—

His earnest glowing thoughts shall turn

To thy most sacred memory;

And his quivering lids o'erflow for thee,

O Lion of Lucerne!

Having "rid his bosom of this perilous stuff," Pynnshurst felt somewhat easier; talked awhile with the last of the Swiss Guard, who, in his patched, red uniform, shows the sublime monument, and who was a drummer boy in the Regiment; and then went into the little shop which no lion in Switzerland is without, not even the Lion of Lucerne.

Here he bought a clay model, a fac-simile of Louis' last order and other matters, and returned to his hotel to ruminate on a variety of matters, and to stare out of his windows at the cloudy Pilate.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—NO. 1.

The present exhibition of the Academy of Design is probably more characteristic of the condition of Art in America than any that has been opened in many years past. The relative attainment of our artists in portraiture, historical, and landscape painting, is exactly paralleled by the display on the walls this season, and is more truly seen by the comparison with the works of other schools, of which there are several excellent specimens in the exhibition. Portraiture is the branch in which our artists have made the highest advance, and the American school of portrait painting may be said, not only to be the best of the present day, but the only one really worthy of the name. In the English school all feeling and earnestness are lost in a shallow, unthinking display of manual dexterity; in France, with perhaps the solitary exception of Delaroche, in fondness for exhibitions of power and morbidness of color, and in the northern continental schools all freedom and repose are merged in a gloomy exaggeration of minutiae and linear quality. Here, and here only are found richness and truth of color, combined with earnestness and proper attention to detail, and that freedom of execution which is the desideratum of mechanical quality. The display of full-lengths on entering the large hall of the Academy is very imposing. Healy is well represented by a full-length group, most admirable in arrangement and in pose of the figures. It is truthful in color and in the painting of the accessories, and with the exception of the right shoulder of the standing figure, correct in drawing, while the character of the faces is excellently expressed. It is not so attractive or forcible in its light and shade, and display of color, as the portrait of Gov. Fish by Hicks, No. 49, but will wear better, and be found on study to be more pleasing. The painting of the draperies is excellent, yet they do not divert the eye from the faces; and though one is made perfectly conscious that the

satin is excellent, he does not stop to wonder at it before he thinks of the character of the lady who wears it. In Hicks's picture there is a high degree of mechanical power, and the color almost destroys everything around it. In all that pertains to the exhibition, it is probably the finest picture that has graced the walls of the Academy for many years, and in the vigor and truth of the treatment of the accessories, as well as in the skilful arrangement of the masses, so as to lead the eye to the head, it is unsurpassed. The management of the background is such as to throw the figure into bold relief; nor is the figure itself lacking in excellence of pose, but the mind is rather called to the relief than the attitude, and though we may see that the man stands out from the canvas we do not see so readily that he stands well, and the attitude might be much worse without attracting notice to the deficiency. So with the accessories; admirable as they are in themselves, we hardly think of them as subordinate; and though their arrangement carries the eye to the head, it is instantly diverted to the excellence of the carpet and the beautiful play of light in the left hand corner; and thus the mind is occupied with the arrangement and execution more than with the man whose image they ought to be but the ornaments of, and the artist thrusts himself between the spectator and the statesman. We are told that it is a portrait of Gov. Fish; but we feel that it is a picture by Hicks—the subject is lost in the artist. The head is the worst part of the picture; deficient in character and likeness, and morbid in color, and perhaps it is as well that the accessories are so attractive. Still, as a picture alone, it is worth far more than the sum which the miserable parsimony of our corporation appropriates for the compensation. Rossiter's full length of a lady, No. 10, has many of the same characteristics. There is far less power, and a crudeness of color not generally found in the French school, of which both artists are imitators and of which the great principle is, that the artist is important and nature unimportant, the latter being but the means of introducing the former to the public. In this picture, however, you are attracted to the head which, though incorrect in drawing and color, has a pleasing sentiment. The accessories, draperies, etc., though not possessed of the dignity and meaning which they have with Hicks, are affectionately and carefully treated, and wrought out almost to realization. The silk is admirable silk, and the sofa a substantial and desirable seat. There is a general feeling among artists and connoisseurs that because a painter cannot give us a first rate head he should not give us good drapery; while on the contrary it is then really more desirable. Let the artist always paint that which he loves best, and paint it earnestly, and he is entitled to approbation and all the admiration it may bring him. No. 329, by the same artist, is to our mind a much better picture, though in this the drapery is dry to a fault.

Huntington is fully represented in portraiture, having some dozen specimens. The most unpleasant part of the critic's work is condemnation; it were far more acceptable to all parties that he should praise; and if Mr. Huntington would give us the opportunity he so well can we should be delighted to point out his excellencies; but examine his pictures as you will, they seem devoid of thought or purpose—the image and super-

scription of the artist is not there. Considered technically, the drawing is incorrect and careless, as instance the portrait of a child, No. 214, in the arm and hand,—the color is false and unfleshlike to an offence, devoid of purity and luminousness. But these faults could be overlooked in consideration of character rendered, but neither is this given, all likeness and individuality is smoothed into a something which Mr. Huntington perhaps considers ideality; but which is in reality the reverse of it. It is difficult to see how that can be an ideal portrait which is no portrait at all. The true ideal of portrait consists in the expression through *perfect truth of feature*, of the higher, nobler character of the individual, that under which he is known and loved by those who know him best, or that which distinguishes him from others, as the wisdom of the statesman, sensitiveness of the poet, &c.; but there is none of this in the present works of Mr. H. Not only are they devoid of ideal, but of actual, character—not only of depth of feeling, but of technical quality.

Of Elliott it is almost useless to speak, the world knows and appreciates him. In all that pertains to the actual, in precision of likeness, drawing and modelling, and in truth and richness of color, as well as in refinement of character, he has been long too well known for the critic to blame or praise. In the treatment of all that pertains to the external, to the man as all see him, Elliott has no equal living, and of the grace and beauty of his portraits of ladies anyone can form a judgment by studying No. 53, in which he has been fortunate alike in subject and treatment. Baker exhibits a most admirable head, No. 220, excellent in character and color; but of him we shall have something to say hereafter in connexion with his figure pictures. No. 377 is also excellent, full of quiet dignity and womanly feeling. Mount enters the lists this year with great credit. No. 379 is one of the finest pieces of character on the walls, full of life and vivacity. His portraits will be little likely to attract attention on account of their deficiency in technical quality; but once studied, their excellence and originality cannot fail to be evident.

We must omit to notice Gray at present, as we wish to speak somewhat at length on his pictures, and must likewise defer Palmer's busts to our next notice.

An addition to the eye-pleasures and intellectual entertainments of Broadway has just been made in the erection of a fine bronze casting, from an original design, on the front of Messrs. Appleton's bookstore. It is a large design in basso relievo, modelled by the sculptor H. K. Brown, and successfully cast, after repeated attempts, by an American workman at Ames's foundry in Springfield, Massachusetts. The cost of the design and casting exceeds one thousand dollars. This liberal booksellers' memorial—for such it must prove from its beauty and lasting material—represents a sage of the old period of learning instructing a group of youthful persons around him, from an ancient volume, the figures of the listeners standing, and expressive of different degrees of emotion, from kindling enthusiasm to passive receptivity. There are several very fine heads. The figure of the sage is somewhat meagre, but his air and attitude are rendered with spirit and effect. The size of this work is about five feet square, its weight 1500 lbs.; it is supported on either side by the dolphins

of Aldus, and erected immediately over the central doorway. Catching the eye from the opposite side-walk, its rich golden hue and fine proportions are particularly pleasing.

A highly spirited medallion head, of small but effective size, of the medallist Wright, modelled by T. D. Jones the sculptor, is a work in a style of popular art, which, we understand, will be followed up by a series of our public men. Mr. Wright's features are happily rendered. His genius as a medallist, happily proven in the Clay medal, the medallion of Page the artist, the medals of the Art-Union, would find its appropriate exercise in the improvement of the dies for our national coins.

Mr. Brackett's exhibition of the group of sculpture, the Shipwrecked Mother and Child, has, we are happy to learn, proved successful as a public resort from the day of its opening. This good fortune is rare, but is evidently due on this occasion to the healthy, natural treatment of a striking subject. The merits may be discovered and appreciated by any one of right feeling. It appeals to our regard for the expression of maternity, the mother clasping the child in death, and to our sense of the beauty and fairness of womanhood, touched by the pathetic and elevating hand of death. Mr. Brackett has overcome the difficulties of a difficult subject. Though a representation of death, his work avoids all the ordinary infirmities of the scene. It is chastely, beautifully, and poetically rendered. It is such an image of grace and tenderness as the poet Spenser would have brought before us in a stanza—and with this delicate apprehension of the work, we wish every one of our readers to see it and enjoy.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### AMERICAN.

MR. PUTNAM will soon publish a duodecimo by Tuckerman—*The Optimist*; Kennedy's Novel—*Horse-Shoe Robinson*, with woodcuts, and uniform with his *Swallow Barn*; an original Spanish work—*The Two Fathers*; Hood's *Up the Rhine*; and Hind on the *Solar System*.

Mr. M. W. Dodd will publish early in May, an octavo, entitled "*A Vindication of the Pentateuch against the Objections of Modern Scepticism*," by W. T. Hamilton, D.D.

Queechy, a Story, in 2 vols. 12mo., by the Author of "*The Wide, Wide World*," is published to-day by Mr. PUTNAM. The sale of *Wide, Wide World* is stated, up to this time, at 13,000 copies, or 26,000 volumes, and we learn orders for Queechy had been received before publication to such an extent as to warrant a first edition of 7000 copies, or 14,000 volumes. At the rate of \$1.75 for the story, this may be called successful publishing.

MESSRS. BLANCHARD & LEA, Phila., have nearly ready—*Principles of Surgery*, by Samuel Miller, F.R.S.E., author of "*Practice of Surgery*:" third American edition; revised, with additions, by F. W. Sargent, M.D., author of "*Minor Surgery*," &c.: in one very large octavo vol. of 750 pages, with 240 beautiful illustrations. *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Surgery*, by Bransby B. Cooper, F.R.S., in one very large octavo volume of 700 pages. *On Constitutional and Hereditary Diseases, Syphilitic Eruptions*, by Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., author of a "*System of Human Anatomy*," &c., in one handsome octavo volume, with beautiful colored plates.

Mr. A. HART, Publisher, Phila., will issue in a few days—Clifton: or, *Modern Fashion*, a novel, by Arthur Townley. *Woodreve Manor*; or, *Six Months in Town*; a Tale to suit the merits and follies of the times, by Anna H. Dawson. *The Student's Wife*, a Novel, by Mrs. Daniels. *The London Year-Book of Facts for 1852*, by Jno. Timbs (now ready). *Thier's Consulate and Empire*, Part XII. *Eaoline*; or, *Magnolia Vale*, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. *Scientific Lectures*, by Profs. Playfair, De La Beeche, Solly, Whewell, &c., &c., 1 vol. 12mo.

MESSRS. HENDERSON & Co., Phila., have now ready—*Collet's New French Dictionary*, a thick 8vo. of nearly 1500 pages, which claims great value for its accuracy and modern adaptation to the highly developed state of the French language. Since the fire their store is at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets.

The firm of YOUNGLOVE & Co., Cincinnati, is dissolved by the withdrawal of M. C. Younglove. The remaining partners continue the business under the name of J. B. Cobb & Co.

SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOR.—A book with this title, advertised as a new comic work by Judge Haliburton, was published recently by Colburn & Co., London, and was on the point of being reprinted in New York, when it was found to be "already in type;" the "new comic work," &c., is nothing more than good selections from the Philadelphia picture-cover series—*The Headquarters of Major Jones*, *Simon Suggs*, *the Arkansas Big Bear*, and other well known commanders of battalions of American laughers.

Ary Scheffer's picture of the Dead Christ is again advertised for sale at Boston, at the low price of \$1500. This picture, it will be remembered, was drawn as a prize in the International Art-Union. Its cost originally was \$4000.

##### FOREIGN.

Among the recently published books of interest is "*The Nestorians and their Rituals*," with a Narrative of a Mission to Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in 1842-44, and again in 1850, by the Rev. G. P. Badger. J. Masters, Publisher.

The widow of George Crabbe, authoress of a "*Dictionary of Synonymes*," "*A Technological Dictionary*," "*A History of English Law*," "*A Treatise on the Law of Real Property*," &c., &c., is living at the age of 80 in abject and distressing poverty. Finding the case of this lady worthy every sympathy, some friends have raised £183 towards buying a £50 annuity—of which sum the Royal Literary Fund contributed £60.

The Porter Correspondence, that is, says the London Athenaeum, the Diaries of Sir R. K. Porter and the Letters addressed to his sisters, Jane and Maria Porter, were sold as they were fished up out of three or four huge sea-chests by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. Fourteen lots brought £115 1s. 6d. Never before was seen in auction room such a confused mass, presenting such a formidable task of unfolding and reading, and it is difficult to imagine how such a heap of unsorted correspondence could be sent for sale save by a legal seizure or by remissness of executors. The Porter correspondents have something to dread. Besides a quantity reserved, the mass sold included 90 letters from Mr. N. P. Willis and 63 highly interesting letters from Miss Agnes Strickland, the authoress,—the latter were withdrawn by some friend. It is high time to be careful of what we write, says that journal, and Mr. Willis's fate and Miss Strickland's escape may be read as useful lessons to gossiping correspondents and careless executors.

The Papers and Correspondence of the late Rev. Sydney Smith will appear shortly. They are to be edited by Miss Austin, translator of *Raske's History of the Popes*.



Dickens's *Bleak House* has already reached a sale of 40,000 copies.

Messrs. Longman & Co. announce for next month a Biography of the Rev. W. Kirby, the well known Entomologist. It will contain a sketch by Mr. Spence, his friend for forty-five years.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans announce as in preparation, to appear May 1, an Art-Union Journal for the People, entitled "The People's Illustrated Journal of Arts, Science, Manufactures, &c., &c., &c."

A series of articles giving a detailed exposition of Auguste's Comte's "Philosophie Positive," were commenced by G. H. Lewes in the London Leader of April 3. Comte, who earned his bread as teacher of Mathematics in private and at the Ecole Polytechnique, where he was Professor, while elaborating his Philosophy, has become so poor, having lost one post after another, that in his fifty-fifth year he is thrown upon the world with no other resources than such as his friends and admirers can collect for him. Mr. Lewes, in a note to his article, says that anything forwarded to the Leader office will be added to the subscriptions he is endeavoring to collect for M. Comte's benefit.

A statue is about to be erected to Immanuel Kant at Königsburg, long the favorite residence of the Metaphysician. Prof. Rauch, of Berlin, has just completed the model.

Mr. H. G. Bohn has published in an 8vo., price 2s. 6d., "A Classical Catalogue, comprising all the principal editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, Translations, and Commentaries, with their prices."

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